

Waco Evening News

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Office 417 Franklin Street.
H. A. IVY, BUSINESS MANAGER.
WACO, TEXAS, APRIL 25, 1899.

The artesian water beneath the city is Waco's national bank on which a check will never be thrown out or a draft returned unpaid.

There's millions in the sand rock stratum, 1800 feet below Waco. It is richer than a quartz vein twenty feet thick and \$200 to the ton.

Movements to start industrial enterprises in Waco generally move slowly but they succeed all the same. So will it be with the cotton mill enterprise.

The people of the Panhandle and of Kansas have a number of agents in Oklahoma, and are distributing literature and using other means to divert the surplus of population to their respective sections.

Yellow fever has broken out at Sanford, a town in Central Florida, and with the foothold the epidemic gained last year, and the early season at which it has appeared in this lead to grave fears of a bad yellow fever year.

Denison laid down the law of the human chase very plain. When she had brought the buck millionaires to bay and other hunters claimed a share she turned with flashing eyes and curled lip and shouted, "That's my venison."

At the state medical association now in session at San Antonio an ambitious doctor attempted to engraft the Darwinian theory of evolution onto the materia medica, but was silenced and his theory annihilated by Dr. Sears, of Waco.

The Dallas News and the Houston Post are in a dispute about whether John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain ever met in a prize ring combat in this country. The News is not authority on the history of prize rings, and hence will have to let some contemporary umpire the contest.

Galveston subscribed \$250,000 for the erection of a cotton mill and the originators feeling good and frisky over it started a project for a cordage and rope factory with authorized capital of \$50,000. They held a meeting last night to hear reports, elect officers, etc., and in footing up the returns found the subscriptions amounted to \$95,000, or \$15,000 over the amount called. The sleepy city by the sea seems to be a giant when she wakes up.

The greatest rivalry in settling Oklahoma was in securing town sites and lots thereon, and speculators seem to have gobbled up the towns in advance of 12 o'clock of the opening day. Oklahoma city was gobbled up in advance, and those coming on government time saw themselves left out in the cold by speculators time. An organized body of two hundred will to-morrow jump the false claims of the speculators in concerted action simultaneously and they will be backed up by Winchester and Colts.

It will be remarked that the height of agricultural prosperity is reached only by those sections which practice irrigation as against those countries which depend only on uncertain rainfall. Egypt was the granary of the world for thousands of years not by virtue of her rich soil, but by the certain waters of the Nile. It is equally true that sections which irrigate now are wealthy and prosperous. Irrigation, however, which depends on streams of water are limited, because the streams are limited in numbers and quantity and incapable of increase. In the case of artesian water irrigation becomes possible on an unlimited scale, and irrigation by artesian water is probably the coming era. Given the water and it is merely a question of cost. The possibilities, therefore, of our great artesian system for Waco and surrounding country is beyond all competition as regards agriculture and horticulture. The value of lands above the artesian reservoir may yet increase to a point at present incredible to our blunt perceptions.

Women Voters in Kansas.

In February, 1897, Kansas followed the example of Great Britain and granted school and municipal suffrage to women. The women began voting at once, and have kept it up ever since. In the election just passed, no less than 40,000 women voted. At the election two years ago a woman was elected mayor of Oskaloosa, and the women had their own way in the selection of town officers. Oskaloosa liked it so well that this year the woman's ticket was re-elected. At Cottonwood Falls and Roseville, two small places, all the officers elected, from mayor down, were women. Whole families—father, mother, sons and daughters, in some instances—went to the polls in a party and cast their ballots. In Topeka the women were more interested in election than the men. Clean streets and good schools were something that appealed to them directly, because of their homes and children.

Women shared all the perils and hardships of the war for a free state in Kansas in the beginning. That fact appealed so strongly to the chivalry of the men who adopted the Kansas constitution that they invited a woman, Mrs. Nichols, to speak in the convention. She did so, and asked for equality of rights for women with men in the matter of property and the control of children. It was granted.

In Topeka alone 2,300 votes were cast by women this spring. Colored ladies were conveyed to the polls in carriages by their white sister voters.

Centennial Soobs.

The tramp and our American aristocrat have the same title to distinction, and that is that neither works for a living. They are the only persons in the country that do nothing. The preparations for the centennial inauguration ball in New York April 30 have brought to view an amount of snobbery in American life that is sickening.

In a republic, who are the best people, any way? Can it be anybody else than those of cultivated brains, refined manners, clean hands and honest, gentle, kindly hearts? But we have a class who, not having these requisites, have endeavored to set up another standard, the standard of wealth, pure, idle, vulgar wealth. It is little to the credit of our republic that these people have succeeded as far as they have. Every man, and especially every woman, who ever gives a thought to the good of our country should stand like adamant against this aristocracy of wealth. It is mean, false and vulgar. It leads to untold temptation and crime. It means stealing, embezzlement, dishonesty. It covers even our highest public offices with the finger marks of what a famous American editor has called "the big, greasy hand of boodles."

At the first inauguration ball, in Washington's time, all decent people who bought tickets and paid for them were entitled to admission. It is a simple republican fashion that cannot be improved on now, a hundred years later. The New York centennial committee are making fools of themselves by trying to depart from the old plan and force on the public their peculiar views of aristocracy. They are the laughing stock of the country. They ought to be.

Governor Richardson, of South Carolina, last year pardoned out of the penitentiary two colored children, one 9, the other 10 years old, who had been sentenced for life. They had stolen articles to the value of \$10.

"Best society" in Boston and New York is different. In Boston it is the literary people, the artists, college professors and the people of brain and culture. In New York it is the 400 who are now quarreling among themselves and with the rest of the world. They base their claims to aristocracy on the fact that no member of their family has worked for a living or engaged in any business for two generations.

An interesting competition is going on at present among contractors and builders. They are endeavoring to see who can build the most picturesque and convenient home for \$1,500. The result will improve architecture in the homes of people of moderate means. An experienced builder says that a very fair estimate of the cost of a house may be had by counting it at so much per cubic foot and finding the cubic feet the house contains. Count outside dimensions, exclusive of garret. The cost will be about twelve and a half cents per cubic foot, more or less, according to the locality. The cellar costs a little less than half as much as the rest of the house.

Mr. Erasmus Wiman, the missionary of commercial union, says it is a great misfortune that a line of demarcation was ever erected across the center of the continent. He declares it has retarded the growth of the greater half of the continent towards the north.

Mr. Wiman is a Canadian who has grown rich in the United States. He declares that under commercial union New England would be greatly benefited by the cheap coal and iron from Nova Scotia. England might object to the free admission of American goods all over British America, while her own goods would enter Canada under a duty regulated at Washington. But England would have to decide then whether the best interests of 5,000,000 subjects in Canada should be sacrificed to 40,000 English manufacturers.

Fresh pie plant at Joe Thompson's.

PATTY'S CASTLE IN WALES.

Extraordinary Precautions Against Burglars, and a Hospitable Parrot.
The castle is about a mile and a half distant from the little station of Pen-y-will, being reached by a road which Mrs. Patti has made. The first thing that strikes you is a notice to burglars, to the effect that numerous traps for their capture are strewn about the castle grounds. Patti loves dogs, who constitute themselves her protectors of a night, when numerous savage animals browse about seeking whom they may devour. But there is one in particular—Prince, I think they call him—who lives in a palatial kennel just on the top of the steep terrace which is cut down to the river bank. Here he leads a monastic existence—growing and grumbling and showing his teeth to all comers. By some magical electrical contrivance it is arranged that Prince shall escape when the castle is alarmed, and I pity the enterprising burglar who is interviewed by Prince. (A word to wise house robbers.) Some months ago a guest opened his window in the middle of the night, and was horrified to find that he had alarmed the whole house; so when you pay a visit to Craig-y-Nos you are warned not to open your window, for if you do you set the electric currents in motion, and play the deuce with the nerves of the sleeper. It all sounds like a chapter in "Monte Cristo." These precautions have been taken since an attempt to break into the castle was made some little time ago—I am happy to say without avail. Mr. Nicolini has quite an armory in his dressing room, consisting of a score of rifles and fowling pieces, so Craig-y-Nos would stand a siege very well.

I cannot imagine a more grateful sight than the brightly lighted hall into which you enter the castle, hung with hundreds of trophies which the famous prima donna has won in every part of the world, paintings and busts on the walls, and a garden of lovely French flowers, fashioned into wreaths and harps, and placed in beautifully wrought golden receptacles, the names of which I know not. Here your eye is arrested by portraits of Patti and Nicolini, thereby illuminated addresses, here, again, by piscatorial trophies which seem to be swimming about in what is but cunningly simulated water. At one end of the hall is the boudoir, in the center is the drawing room, and at the other extreme the dining room, through which you descend into that charming conservatory and living room, in which you could spend a lifetime with great comfort and joy. Imagine a long and lofty house of glass, filled with palms and ferns, and hanging plants of every description, with fountains plashing and birds singing. It is a veritable Eden.

At one end are Madame's three gray parrots. If you tap on the screen which stands behind one of them, and wait for ten seconds, he invites you to "Come in," "Come in," as naturally as possible. His comrades have accomplishments, too. Then on the wall is a squirrel, who has just come out and is revolving at a hundred turns a minute on one of those wire wheels which are supposed to compensate him for the joys of the forest. Open the glass doors at the end of the conservatory and you find yourself in a long passage which leads you into the beautifully fragrant and reposeful winter garden, which is now too small for the growing timber. And the whole atmosphere, bitter cold as it is without, is like the tropics, and the view from the windows is as lovely as it is possible to conceive.

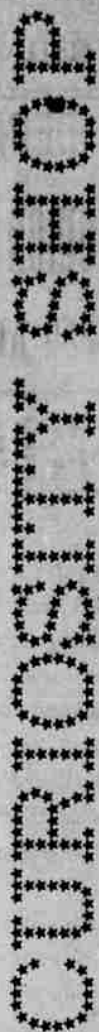
Madame's boudoir is a charming little apartment, in which many of her most sacred treasures are kept. On the walls you see the big photograph of the old German emperor, Mr. Bant's portrait of Patti, which was hung in the academy a year or two ago, a photograph of Gounod, presented after "Romeo and Juliet" in Paris. A richly carved case is full of valuables, such as silver and golden wreaths, and photographs of emperors and kings, queens and princesses, for Mrs. Patti has had them all at her feet.

In the drawing room it is the same story. You spend your evening after dinner in the splendid billiard room, which contain what must surely be the finest pocketless billiard tables ever manufactured. But not billiard tables alone, but music in barrels. A whole side of one of the rooms is occupied by a magnificent orchestra. Madame consults a gilded volume, selects her opera, the Genius of the Lamp is called, descends to the lower regions, where the best brands of music are kept in stock to the tune of a hundred or more barrels, inserts one into the mouth of the vast instrument, gives the handle a few turns and leaves it to pour forth a whole volume of melody, which as often as not Madame drowns by her own magic music, which is beyond compare. Above is a music gallery, and one of the happiest moments of your life arrives when Patti sits down and plays her favorite negro minstrel song called "Maggie Judah."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Railroad Anecdotes.

Celebrities often have amusing things said to them in railway trains. There is a well known story about the late Matthew Arnold, who was bored to the extent of a long journey by an ignorant man who would talk literature to him. Mr. Arnold would not dispute with him, but when, with the portentous seriousness of one who has discovered a great truth, he said, "In my opinion William Shakespeare was a great poet," Matthew warmly grasped his hand, and with equal gravity said, "Do let me shake hands with the only admirer of my favorite poet." A story of a very different kind is told of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Traveling down to Gloucester he heard a long conversation, which ended in the countryman taking the autocrat's hat and saying, "I read something in the paper the other day about the size of great men's heads, and I thought I'd like to know the size of yours. But what bother's me is my head's the biggest of the two."—London Globe.

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